

An Pierle "Walk"

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So if you'd walk
A thousand miles
Until you'd reach our home tonight
We'd set fire
To everything
So what d' you think

Through heavy snowfall
And bitter cold
I hope you're packed
In solid clothes
Your shiny mooses
Don't need to rest
It's for the best

Maybe it is true
Love's to bleed
True love
Is to need
Sometimes
It flows to the sea
That's why you always come
Back to me

With jam & coffee
And toasted bread
On Sunday morning
We'll talk and sit
And we're surprised
That we are blessed
Such happiness

You're so attractive
Your salty smell
Is my favourite flavour
I live to tell
That by tonight
You will be here
Come, I'm in need

True love
To need, we have

Agreed
True love don't need no receipt

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